THE LIFE-CLOCK

Song

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE

Piano Forte

by

J. B. WOODBURY.

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THE LIFE-CLOCK.

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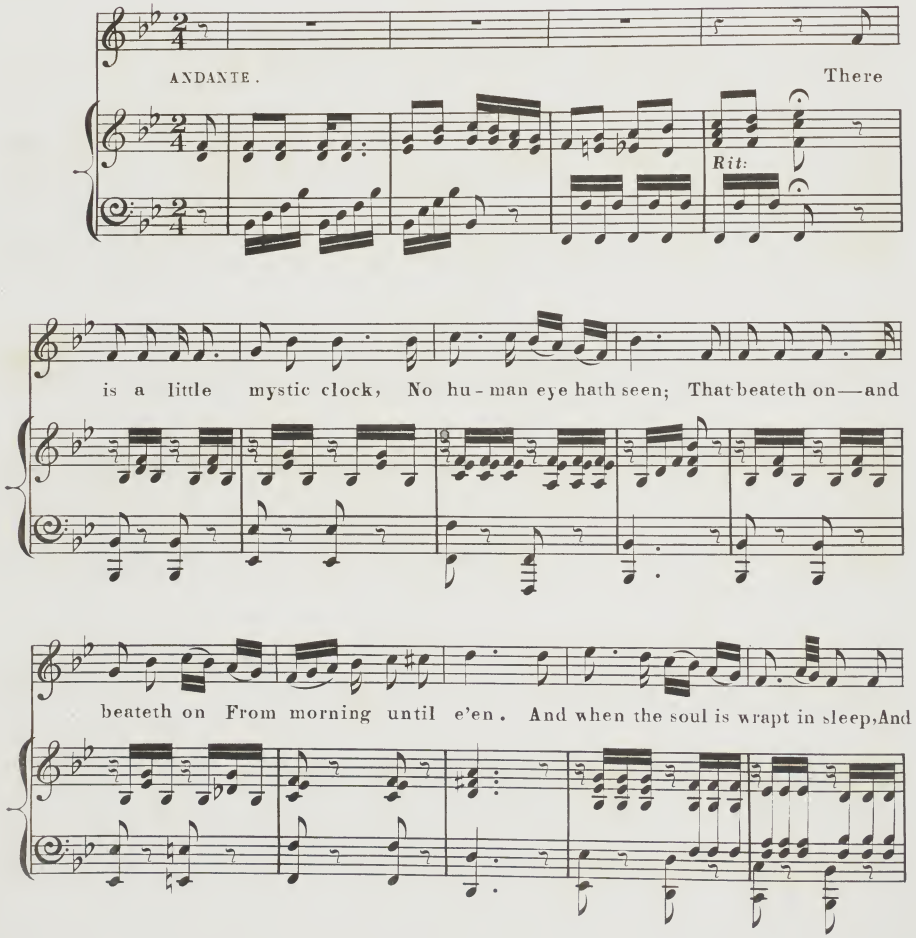
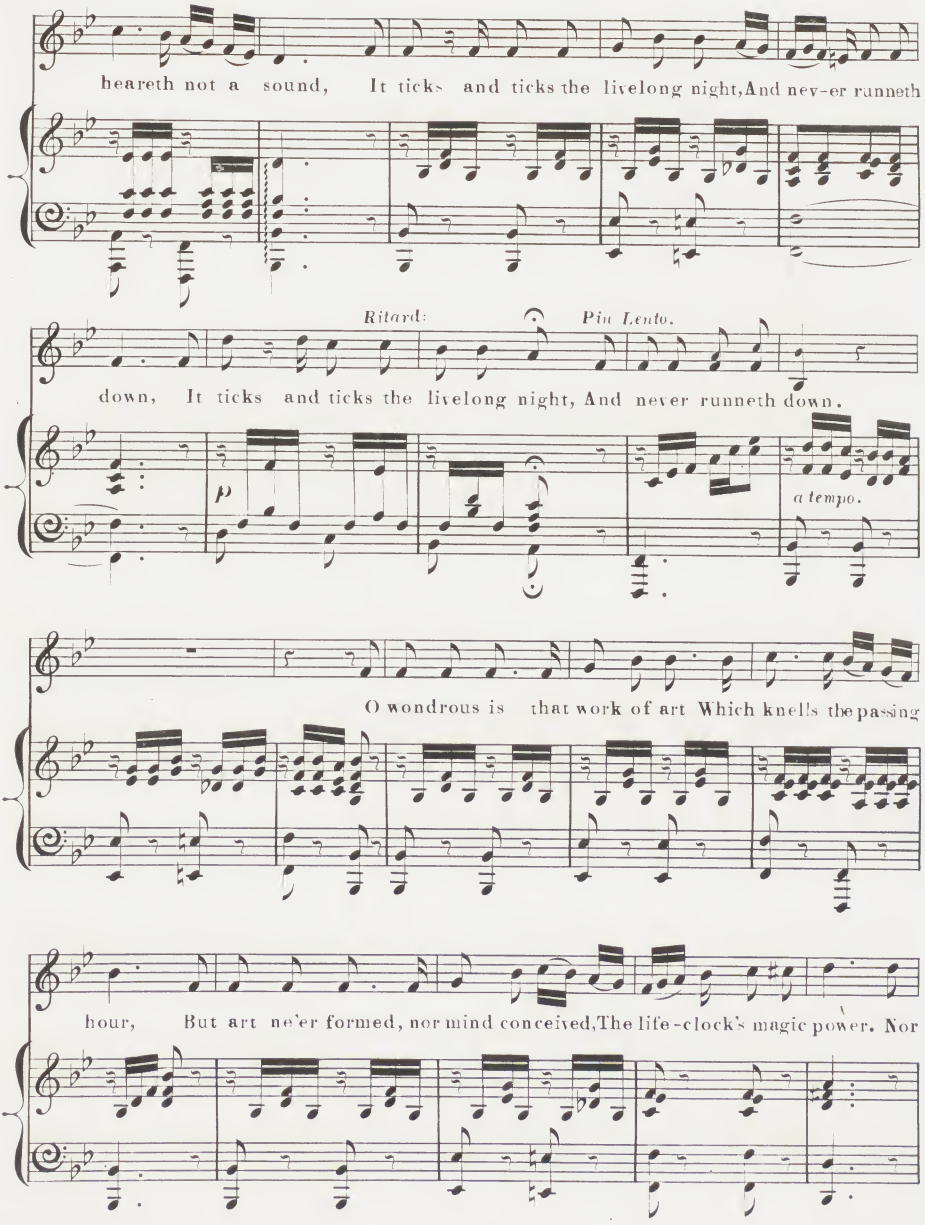
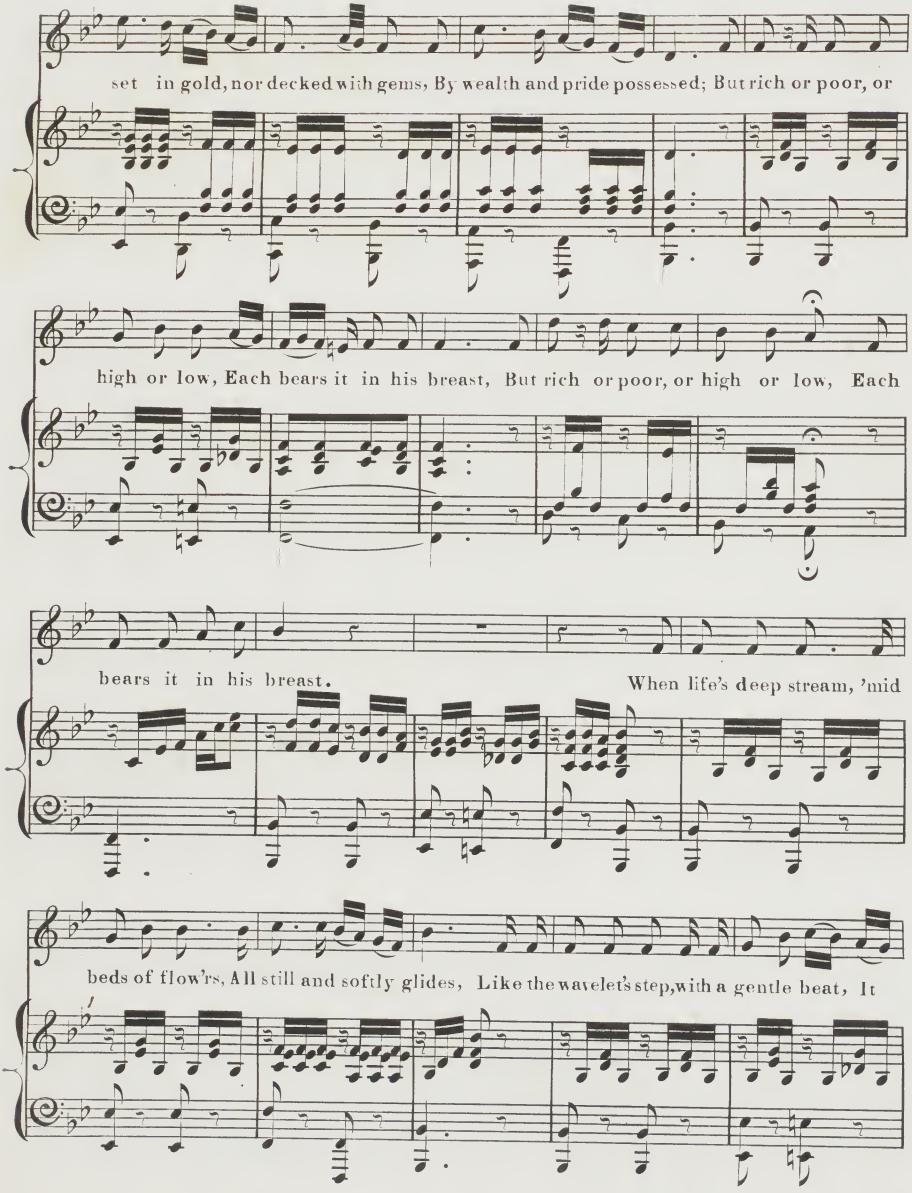
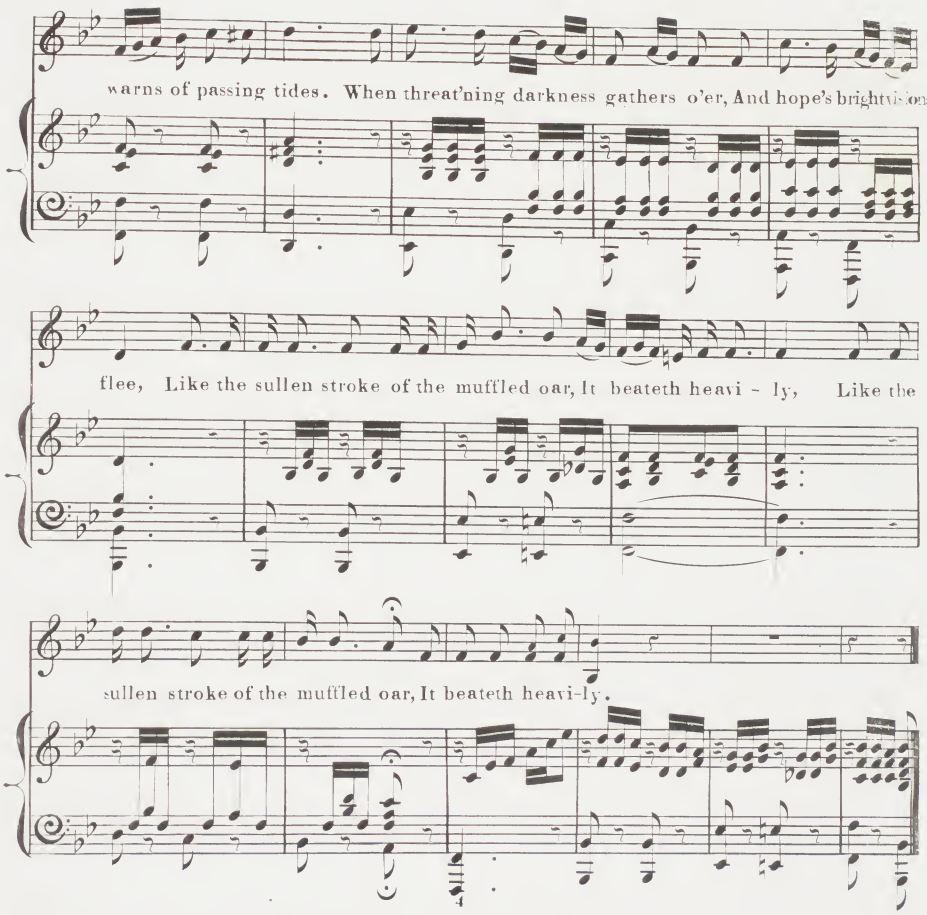

ANDANTE.
There
Rit:
is a little mystic clock, No hu-man eye hath seen; That beateth on—and
beateth on From morning until e'en. And when the soul is wrapt in sleep, And

heareth not a sound, It ticks and ticks the livelong night, And nev-er runneth
Ritard:
Piu Lento.
down, It ticks and ticks the livelong night, And never runneth down.
p
a tempo.
O wondrous is that work of art Which knells the passing
hour, But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived, The life-clock's magic power. Nor


set in gold, nor decked with gems, By wealth and pride possessed; But rich or poor, or
high or low, Each bears it in his breast, But rich or poor, or high or low, Each
bears it in his breast.
When life's deep stream, 'mid
beds of flow'rs, All still and softly glides, Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat, It

warns of passing tides. When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er, And hope's bright vi-sions
flee, Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar, It beateth heavi - ly, Like the
sullen stroke of the muffled oar, It beateth heavi-ly.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love twere broken.
Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
'Till that strange life is ended.